MATRIMONY;

OR,

GOOD ADVICE

TO THE

LADIES to keep Single.

(Price One Shilling.)

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In which are painted, in very lively Colours, the Pictures of many terrible HUSBANDS, both at Court, and in the City; particularly of one whose WIFE is now suing out a DIVORCE, on Account of his Unnatural Abuses.

By what wild Fury was the Miscreant drove,
With lighted Taper to assail the Throne of LOVE?

Marriage at best is but a Vow,
Which all Men break-----or bow.

HUD.

LONDON:

PRINTED for T. READ, in *Dogwell-Court, White-Fryers.*

MDCCXXXIX.

MATRIMONY:

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** Defoe 20. 739. A10M

TO THE

LADIES to keep Single.

In which are pointed, in very lively Colours, the Torments of many
terrible Husbands, both at Court, and in the City:

With a View how the Ladies can Manage to the greatest Advantage

---

By what mild Arts the Mistress does,
With lighted Taper to allure the Throne of Love?

Murrain on her Pride! I vow,
Which all Men break—or love.

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MDCCXXIX.

MATRIMONY:

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GOOD ADVICE

TO THE

LADIES to live Single.

I Hear, *Clarinda,* you would be a Wife,
And taſte the Comforts of a Married Life:
If you reſolve on this, pray be content
To do as others do, and then repent.
Believe me, *Clarinda,* the teeming Earth,
Among the various Creatures ſhe brings forth,

Did never yet produce, or ever can,
A Wretch ſo faithleſs, and ſo falſe as Man.

But you are fair, and your attracting Powers,
Will tie him to you faſt, and make him your's.
Some Kitchen Wench, or filthy Thing that's grown
The common Talk and Scandal of the Town:
This loathſome Creature ſhall out-do thy Charms,
And tear thy wretched Husband from thy Arms:
Under thy Noſe he'll keep the Baggage fine,
And whatſoe'er is dear, and ſhould be thine,
She ſhall poſſeſs; and if you ſpeak a Word,
O! then his Wife is not to be endur'd.
A jealous peeviſh Thing, Diſeas'd or Mad,
Not fit for Commerce, nor the Marriage-Bed.
The treach'rous Ocean gently ſmiles from far,
To tempt on Board th' unwary Paſſenger;
Suſpecting nothing in a ſpecious Shew,
And fondly truſting to ſo ſmooth a Brow.
When paſt Retreat, fierce *Boreas* clouds the Sky,
And throws the frothy Billows up on high,
Then the ſad Accents fill the troubled Air
Of Men, ſurpriz'd with Ruin and Deſpair:
At laſt they're caſt upon ſome diſmal Coaſt;
Their Lives, perhaps, are ſav'd, but all their Comforts loſt.

Alas!

Alas! the Marriage-Shew is quickly gone,
You'll ſee the ſtormy Days a coming on;
Then the black Clouds and hideous Sights appear,
Which you, poor patient Angel, cannot bear.

Oft have I ſeen a Bully reeling home,
Drench'd in the Rogueries of all the Town;
Altho' 'tis by his Wife that he's grown Rich,
Yet now he comes enquiring for his Bitch:
The new-come Servant, with a Scrape and Bow,
Says, Sir, I tied her in the Kennel now.
Curſe on thee, for a Fool; I mean my Wife,
That Plague, that Devil, that diſturbs my Life;
That Baſilisk ſo hateful to my Eyes,
Whoſe Sight diſturbs and poiſons all my Joys,
'Tis Her; go, Sirrah, call your Miſtreſs here;
The trembling Creature, almoſt dead with Fear,
Comes down; the Villain, in a ſcornful Way,
Says, Where have you been Jilting all the Day?
How pleaſant with your Rogues! But when I come,
You then are Melancholly, Sick and Dumb.
Your Gallantries you keep others to pleaſe,
I bear the Weight of your Debaucheries;
My Purſe pays off your Revels; every Street
Rings, with the Aſſignations where you meet;

Whilſt

Whilſt the poor Soul hath ſcarce a Petticoat,
Nor Shoes, unleſs his Whore perſuade him to't.

Juſt like a Statue ſtands the patient Wife,
And dare not ſpeak one Word to ſave her Life:
Inſulted and abus'd, ſhe now, too late,
Laments the Burden of a Married State.

Corinna, not long ſince, I'm ſure you'll own,
Had Charms, and was admir'd by all the Town:
You know *Corinna* now, and can there be
A more forlorn and wretched Thing than ſhe?
And yet her Lover ſwore he'd prove as true
As he that now pretends a Zeal for you.

Another ſheds his Venom like a Toad,
Which muſt his faireſt Conſort's Fleſh corrode;
Struck like ſome Lilly by a Northern Blaſt,
She ſhrinks under the Weight, and dies as faſt.

Sly *Charus* bangs his Wife, and doth profeſs,
'Tis on mere Principles of Godlineſs.
Cites Scripture-Texts to prove that Blows are good
To cure the vicious Sallies of the Blood;
As neceſſary for his Wife as Food:

Some-

Sometimes, by rougher Means he muſt controul,
And plague her Body, but to ſave her Soul:
Thus ſoberly, and with affected Grin,
This Devil pleads the Scripture for his Sin.

Late in the Night comes home a moody Sot,
And he's grown ſullen for the Lord knows what;
The officious Wife invites the Hog to Bed,
Who only grunts, and ſquints, and hangs his Head:
Come, ſays the patient Kitling, Husband come;
The ſurly Cur ſits biting of his Thumb,
And looks as if he were Poſſeſs'd, or Dumb.
Stretcht out, the Blockhead reſts, ſtirs ne'er a Limb,
But lies all Night like *Michol's* Teraphim.

But double Curſes light on *Rimmon*'s Head,
Who had the Heart to beat his Wife in Bed;
To pinch her, and to bid her, if ſhe pleaſe,
Make her Complaints, and ſhew her Grievances.

At publick Feaſts *Bathillus* calls his Wife,
His *Phillis*, and his Goddeſs, and his Life:
Yet this ſame *Phillis*, but the Night before,
The Villain kick'd, and turn'd her out of Door.
Poor Patient Creature! Every Limb can prove
The fatal Tokens of his curſed Love;

And what is ten Times worſe, this vicious Toad
Shall paſs for a good natur'd Man Abroad.

But all their Crimes would to a Volume ſwell,
As black as Sin itſelf, as deep as Hell;
As good to count the Sands, or Drops of Dew,
As tell the Ways they'll take to ruin you.
O *Eve!* black was the Guilt that thou waſt in!
Or elſe the Curſe is greater than the Sin.

But ne're was ſuch a Husband, I dare ſwear,
As lately happen'd to *Dorinda*'s Share,
His Head went tapering like a Sugar-Loaf,
And every Word he ſpoke was like an Oph;
Short was his Wit, but long enough his Chin,
His Beard was Briſtles, and his Jaws were thin:
And yet this ſenſeleſs Thing none durſt controul,
Induſtrious but to ſhew he was a Fool:
Yet here's a Nymph to this old Satyr Sold,
Becauſe her Father knew the Fool had Gold:
I'm ſure you don't admire *Dorinda*'s Bliſs
That's tied to ſuch a brainleſs Head as this.

Poor *Valnia*'s Wrongs I'll not attempt to draw,
But leave her Monſter to the Scourge of Law;
So vile his Soul, and ſo abhorr'd the Brute,
His very Name my Satire would pollute;

Who

Who ſeven revolving Years poſſeſs'd her Charms,
Nor offer'd once to take her to his Arms,
But to ſuch Ends as Nature's ſhock'd to name;
And bring upon his Species everlaſting Shame.
By what wild Fury was the Miſcreant drove,
With lighted Taper to aſſail the Throne of Love?
Was it a Sacrifice to pleaſe the Boys,
Who loath fair *Venus'* Rites, and ſhun her Joys?
Thoſe who in helliſh Combination join'd,
With great Lord *Jack*† bear Enmity to Womankind.

Good Men, *Clarinda*, like hid Treaſures, are
Not to be found by Induſtry and Care;
No Conſtellation, or inchanted * Rod,
Can e're direct you to their bleſt Abode:
'Tis Chance that finds them out, not Wit nor Rules,
And therefore commonly poſſeſs'd by Fools.
Wiſdom's no Guide to th' Matrimonial State,
The wiſer Woman, and the worſer Fate.
Reports and Converſe, Probabilities
That hold in other Things, are here meer Lies;
Had theſe been true, *Ammon* a Saint had been,
Sweet his Deportment, and his Looks ſerene,

As

† The Name of *Valnia*'s Husband, who with one called the *Jeſuit*, another called the *Captain*, &c. have a Houſe a little Way out of Town, into which no Woman has Admittance. And this Fellow, tho' the moſt worthleſs of Scoundrels, is ſo very proud, that he has the Nick-name of Lord *Jack*.

* A common Thing to pretend to find out Treaſure and Monies, by an inchanted Rod.

As if no Frown had e'er diſturb'd his Brow,
So apt his Words, ſo eaſily they flow,
Soft as *Orlinda*'s Hand, or new-faln Snow,
Nothing Affected, Stiff, Severe, or Odd,
And Courted beauteous *Cloris* like a God.
Ne'er *Grecian* Bard in an Immortal Strain
E're ſung a brighter, or more conſtant Flame:
Not many Weeks the Marriage-Knot was ty'd,
But beauteous *Cloris* look'd too like a Bride;
The fond Careſſes that the Goddeſs gives
He with a yawning Careleſsneſs receives;
Whilſt ſhe doth with her kinder Arts purſue,
But cannot the expiring Flame renew;
Thus, almoſt in the Circuit of a Moon,
She knows her Fate, and finds herſelf undone.

I'th' *Temple*, where Men take up their Abode,
And *Mammon*, or a Miſtreſs, is their God,
Lives *Urſine*, for his Practice not much known,
But as the Drum and Bully of the Town:
To make his Soul, kind Nature did diſpenſe
Vaſt Stores of Noiſe, and very little Senſe,
Which Failure ſhe ſupplied with Impudence:
His Body was proportion'd to his Soul:
In Lungs a Bear, in Head and Face an Owl;

Part

Part Goat, part Cormorant, and part an Ape,
Yet all theſe moulded to a human Shape;
Not ſo exact, but ſtill the Beaſt was ſeen
In Features, Inclination, or his Mein;
Witneſs his Horſe's Noſe, that doth diſpenſe
Loud Neighings of ſolacious Impudence:
And yet this rumbling Tempeſt had the Art
To Court ſucceſsfully and gain a Heart;
Which ſhews, when ſuch a wretched Thing can pleaſe,
Women are wiſe in every Thing but this.
But bluſh you Readers all, when *Trinkelo*,
That little Footman, ſets up for a Beau;
Says, he's belov'd, and makes the harmleſs Grin,
Juſt like a Lady's Monkey new made clean.

Fly then, *Clarinda*, ſhun the Crocodile,
Fierce to devour, and ſubtle to beguile;
Keep, deareſt Saint, your Freedom whilſt you may,
Nor, for a Triffle, ſell your Joys away:
Juſt like fall'n Spirits, to whom they're near a kin,
They'll tempt, and they'll plague you for the Sin.
This Legion ſhall contrive to run you down,
And make you guilty, tho' the Crime's their own.

Perhaps you'll ſay this is prepoſterous,
In blaming others, I myſelf expoſe.

I hate Mankind, and were it not for Shame,
I'll ſwear I'd publicly diſown the Name:
To be call'd Man, with me doth ſound no more
Than if you call'd an honeſt Woman Whore.
The Clown, the Fool, the Tyrant, and the Hog,
The ſly Deceiver, and the public Rogue;
The Sot that's drunk and ſlabbers all the Town,
The needy Poet, and the learned Drone,
The wrigling Creature, one that God thought fit
To make a Fool, yet thinks himſelf a Wit:
Gold Watch and Snuff-box ſet up ſuch a Tool,
And twenty Baubles more to pleaſe the Fool,
Shaves every Day, and ſets himſelf to ſhew,
I mean, that empty nauſeous Thing a Beau;
The only Thing that recommend him can,
Is, that he's more a Monkey than a Man.
The Courtier that will fawn and cut your Throat,
And ſell his God and Country for a Groat,
Who meditates Revenge, and when moſt croſt,
Looks ſly, and hides his Sting and Venom moſt;
Theſe are, (and worſe than theſe, if worſe there can)
The uſual Compounds of the Thing call'd Man.

Stand up, you Sons of *Braſs*, deny the Charge,
I know your Crimes and Conſciences are large:
You'll

You'll ſay 'tis falſe, a damned Calumny;
But your own Actions give your Tongues the Lye.
Whate'er the Picture wants of being true,
Is, that it looks not ſo deform'd as you.
With decent Veils you cover o're your Shame,
Your baſeſt Luſts you call a generous Flame,
A Miſtreſs is a Thing too foul to name.
Harden'd in Vice and Impudence, from hence
You take the Character of Men of Senſe:
So if you judge according to theſe Rules,
The Modeſt and the Virtuous all are Fools.
Falſe Lights and Paint makes your Appearance fair,
My Colours repreſent you as you are:
I ſhew the true Complection of your Skin,
And Part of that Deformity within:
For he that all your monſtrous Parts can ſhew,
Muſt have a better Hand than *Angelo*.
If Credit to ſome Stories we can grant,
Angels have try'd their Skill to draw a Saint:
The Devil himſelf muſt come, before we can
Have the exact Reſemblance of a Man;
For if the World had Skill, the Earth wants Stuff
To make the Colours look deform'd enough.
You'll ſay *Aurelia*'s Choice doth happy prove,
Old Age hath ſnow'd upon them, yet they Love:

Amintas

Amintas dotes upon her wrinkled Brow,
I know, good Madam, what you ſay is true;
You ſay, a Man that's truly Good and Wiſe,
Scorns thus to be Unjuſt and Tyranniſe.

A true Wiſe Man's like a Prodigious Birth,
A Rarity, and ſcarcely found on Earth:
The Infant World might boaſt of ſuch a Race;
And tell us Men had Honeſty and Grace:
But in this Iron Age, Time downward rouls,
And gives us harden'd Brutes and ruſty Souls.
Your powerful Arts will all be at a Loſs
To meet them, or to ſcour them from their Droſs:
That Chymiſtry is ſcarce yet underſtood
To keep a Husband tolerably good.
My Sum amounts hardly to half a Score,
And I ſhould ſooner make them leſs than more.
I bring *Amintas* in that Number too,
And, in ſuch Odds, is one reſerv'd for you.
Clarinda, then be wiſe as you are fair,
Deſpiſe Mankind, and keep you as you are.

F I N I S.